or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

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banners of the invaders are inscribed with the word "Peace." The wholesale surrenders of the Italians show that the scheme worked. It is evident that the new offensive has a political as well as a military purpose and is intended to throw Italy into chaos like Russia. But a dispatch from Rome assures us that the invasion has had the opposite effect and all parties are now united in defense of the kingdom.

Such are some of the forces involved in the situation, but he would be a rash man who would attempt to draw a definite conclusion. It is like a problem in algebra. We know the factors involved, the x, y and z, we know whether they are plus or minus quantities, but since we do not know the value of any one of them we cannot get the answer.

FOR WHAT?

THE second Liberty Loan is gloriously subscribed. Our soldiers have gone into action in the trenches of France. The casualty lists of "ours" are just beyond the turning. We are beginning to feel—perhaps more than a little—the pinch that comes when food and fuel grow scarce.

It is a good time to stop and consider afresh what we are fighting for. David Lloyd-George, England's dynamic and magnetic Prime Minister, has just put it into words with his accustomed skill:

> It is not a question of territorial readjustment or indemnities, but preëminently a question of the destruction of a false ideal which has intimidated and enslaved Europe, or would have done so had it been triumphant. It is an ideal, where force and brutality reign supreme, as against the ideal of the world peopled by free democracies and united in an honorable league of peace. That is the ideal enshrined at Potsdam, where they have been plotting and scheming how to enslave their neighbors. That has been their dream and our nightmare. There will be no peace, no liberty, until that shrine is shattered and its priesthood dispersed and discredited forever.

It is to that end we go to fight alongside our gallant allies who have borne the burden and heat of the day. We cannot be reminded—remind ourselves—too often that we are mustering our vast resources and ourselves, not against a people, not even against a Kaiser, but against a false and idolatrous ideal. The world must destroy it or it will destroy the world.

GOD AND MR. WELLS

WHETHER God made H. G. Wells or H. G. Wells has recently made God and pronounced Him good, we shall not attempt to say. If any sensitive reader hesitates to hold God responsible for Wells, he may think one way. If any reader equally but differently sensitive shrinks from owing to Mr. Wells his vision of God, he may think the other way. Speaking only for ourselves, we confess conservatism in these matters, and, in spite of occasional doubts, probably shall go on believing that God made Wells.

For the purpose of what we are coming to it may not much matter. What we object to is the portrayal of God as a king, visible or invisible. We are done with kings; the kings must go. In the days of old when kings were useful, indispensable, and the highest ideal of government conceived by man, it was proper to think of God in monarchical terms. But the word "king" has ceased to be an honorific appellation and is rapidly becaming a by-word and an hissing.

Since the Scriptures warn us that we cannot find out God by searching, or by any means know the Almighty to perfection, it is permissible, we suppose, to think about Him in any decent way that seems to us more true and decent than another. So to start with (by way of clearing the ground) we rule out the blaspheming Kaiser's way, the preposterous Hegelian way and the H. G. Wells way.

Of ways that remain there are two or three rather nice pagan ones that appeal to us as at least partly true, and then, best of all (so we think), the Christian way.

The earliest, and most simple-minded way apprehended God as a mysterious, impersonal and magical "It." You could catch "It" or "It" could catch you. "It" could hurt you in dreadful and unimaginable ways, or "It" could heal you and fill you with strength and gladness. "It" was in the grass and in the trees; in the wind and in the water. The child playing tag ("tree tag" above all) thinks in the naïve heathen fashion until his elders in their inscrutable wisdom shatter his illusions and blast his happiness. Yet the elders themselves can't get away from that beautiful oldest religion, however much they may try. They remember May Day and Hallowe'en, and light up the Christmas tree; and they talk about "vim" and "vigor," "vitality," "virility" and "virtue," every one of which, in the original meaning of these words, was "It."

Strong and beautiful men, wise and courageous men were so, to the mind of primitive man, because they were full of "It." They were magicians and heroes, they were "daimones" and titans, they were divinities.

Side by side with ideas of "It" grew up ideas of ghosts. Herbert Spencer's account of the process, in the first volume of his "Principles of Sociology," is one of the best chapters that he ever wrote, and Jane Ellen Harrison's "Themis" is the best account of "It" that you can anywhere find. The ghost of the hero and the ghost of the chieftain of course were full of "It" and of course they became deities.

Out of such theological elements emerged the gods of Olympus; superhuman, immortal, mighty with "It," workers of wonders; yet human, and sharing the passions of men, caring for men, sharing their joys, and their sorrows, fighting their battles with them, and meddling in their love affairs.

Against this background appears, at length, the Christian faith. God again dwells in man as the wonder worker, doing miracles, immortal and rising from the grave; but he is no longer the hero of battles or the slayer of dragons. "It" has become a divine understanding, an infinite love, giving all of life's short day to work for men and sacrificing self in the end, that men might live.

We have confest that we like this notion of God better than any other, and in particular better than the Wells notion of the King-God. We think that it probably is truer than any other; and the best part of it, as we look at it, is, the suggestion it offers to everybody to look for a spark or a thrill of godliness within himself and give it a chance to do thru him something on the whole worth while.

WHICH IS YOUR LINCOLN?

MOST of our readers were born too late to vote for Lincoln, but we are going to give them all a chance to cast their ballots for him—not this time to occupy for four years the White House at Washington, but to stand perpetually in front of the Houses of Parliament in London. A Lincoln in bronze is to represent the American people near the court of St. James's, and surely they ought to be consulted as to which of the Lincoln effigies they regard as the best representative of the man and the nation.

When doctors disagree the public is the referee, and in this case there is undeniably a disagreement. What was intended as a peace offering turns out to be an apple of discord. The International Committee that was formed to celebrate in 1914 the Hundred Years' Peace between Great Britain and the United States, wishing to place in London a permanent memorial of the amity of the two nations, proffered a statue of Lincoln to the British Government. The offer was accepted and a fine site was assigned for it near Westminster Abbey on Parliament Square. It was at first intended to send a replica of the St. Gaudens statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago, but last year George Grey Barnard completed a statue of Lincoln for Cincinnati that aroused widespread interest and hot controversy. Our readers will remember that we used it as a cover design for The Independent of February 26, 1917. Among the ad-

mirers of the Barnard statue was ex-President Taft, and when his brother, Charles Phelps Taft, offered to pay for a replica it was gratefully accepted by the American and British committees.

Then the storm broke. Those who disliked the work did not care about its being set up in Cincinnati, but they objected to its going to London. The fight against it is led by F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, editor of the *Art World*, who calls it a "woful, wallowing Willie, mourning for mother and complaining of a colic"; and again as "a stoop-shouldered, consumptive-chested, chimpanzee-handed, lumpy-footed, giraffe-necked, grimy-fingered clodhopper, wearing his clothes in a way to disgust a ragman." This is as strong language as used to be used south of Mason and Dixon's line about the real Lincoln. The *Art World* goes on to prove that Lincoln was not ugly and awkward but fine-looking and dignified; that he was not slouchy, but on the contrary "drest in the hight of fashion of his time. . . . We have many photographs to show that Lincoln always drest in the best clothes his money could buy, whenever he could do so. . . . Lincoln was fully aware of the importance of elegant social forms—if the nation is to realize its highest destiny." The old photographs of Lincoln have been brought out to prove that his hands were not unduly large and that his feet were really small, considering his hight.

In opposition to this we have such artists as John Sargent, Charles Dana Gibson and Frederick MacMonnies. Mr. MacMonnies, who first attracted the attention of the American public thru his fountain at the Chicago Fair, says:

> What we want in Barnard's statue is that sculptor's vision of Lincoln's soul—and we have it. In addition to this it is good sculpture and composition and excellent design. . . . He has helped to let the public into the secret of Lincoln's greatness.

On the other hand, Representative Rogers, of Massachusetts, who has introduced a resolution into Congress calling upon the President to prevent the statue from being sent to London, calls it "more simian than human, with misshapen, ugly, comic, cartoonist feet exhibiting plenty of sole but no soul." The late Rufus Choate, in a letter of protest written shortly before his death, said it is "a horrible thing and a gross libel upon President Lincoln."

But Mr. Roosevelt for once agrees with Mr. Taft and says:

> At last we have the Lincoln of the Lincoln-Douglas debates . . . the living Lincoln, the great democrat. The statue is unique. I know of no other so full of life. The greatest sculptor of our age. The one is worthy of the other. I congratulate Barnard with all my heart. He has given us Lincoln, the Lincoln we know and love.

But it is not the Lincoln that his son knew and loved. Robert Lincoln writes: "The result is a monstrous figure which is grotesque as a likeness of President Lincoln and defamatory as an effigy." On the other hand, Miss Ida Tarbell says: "Barnard's Lincoln is to me the profoundest thing yet done on the man by any one in any medium"—which implicitly includes her own admirable biography.

To these criticisms may be added that overheard from one of the crowd which flocked to see the statue when it was first exhibited in the court of Union Theological Seminary, New York: "Lincoln wa'nt no hookworm poor white trash." As the uncinaria had not then been discovered history does not enlighten us on that point, but it cannot be denied that Lincoln rose from the class referred to. That is why Barnard chose for the figure model a man who, like his father and grandfather before him, was born on a farm only fifteen miles from where Lincoln was born. He was about Lincoln's hight and build. The face Barnard took from the Lincoln life-mask, which he studied for three months. As is well known, Lincoln's face was asymmetrical, and artists have often tried to trace a connection between his physiognomy and his composite character. According to Barnard, the left side of his face is the mother side, revealing his tenderness, sensitiveness and sense of humor, while the right, the man's side, is stern, determined and stoical. In our illustration on another page we give views of the Barnard statue from both sides, so our readers can judge if he has succeeded in carrying out this idea.

On the same page we give the other statues that have been suggested as substitutes. The one in the upper left corner is the statue by Augustus St. Gaudens, showing Lincoln just risen from a curule chair, as tho to make a speech. This is Lincoln the mature statesman, not what Barnard intended to represent, Lincoln between 1857 and 1860.

Another conception of Lincoln much loved by many, as may be seen from our photograph of it, is the work of Gutzon Borglum and is placed in Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Borglum, like Lincoln, is a product of the prairies, and he won his fame by his modeling of horses and cowboys. We also present for your consideration Edinburgh Memorial, by J. Patrick, and the statue in Boston by an older sculptor, Thomas Ball. The latter represents Lincoln the Emancipator, as is indicated by the unshackled slave-boy kneeling at his feet, but the effectiveness of the group has been somewhat impaired to those who are so unfortunate as to have heard the remark of the irreverent humorist that it should be called "Shine, Sir?"

Latest of the Lincoln statues is that which has just been completed by Daniel Chester French for the national Lincoln memorial building at Washington. We show a photograph of the original model taken in the studio.

Here there are six different statues of Lincoln. Which do you like best? Which do you like least? And how do the others range in between? Send in your ballots to us promptly and if we get enough to be significant we will publish the results. Families, schools and clubs may vote collectively. Put down all six of the sculptors' names, Ball, Barnard, Borglum, French, Patrick and St. Gaudens, and arrange or number them in the order of your preference. The question is yet undecided and the public voice may have an influence. In England as well as in this country the question is now being discussed in lively language. The London *Times* is positive as usual: "There can be no question, of course, that the outspoken condemnation of the great President's son and the protests of men like the late Mr. Choate will settle the matter so far as this country is concerned. It is inconceivable now that this particular statue should ever reach our shores." The Thunderer indignantly goes on to say that the London public has "a right to know by whose authority so grave a blunder was committed in their name." But Barnard has warm defenders in England, where his earlier work is well known, especially the group first exhibited in the Paris Salon and now in the Metropolitan Museum, designed to express in marble Hugo's phrase, "I feel two natures struggling within me." The First Commissioner of Works, who has the placing of the statue, refuses to take sides in the controversy and states that the British Government is content to leave the selection to the United States. It is proposed to send the same statue to Petrograd and Paris as to London, so the people of all three nations will form their idea of the martyred President from this effigy, whichever it is.

AN UNCOMPLETED PROPHECY

THE president of a wholesale liquor dealers' association in New York predicts that the result of the war prohibition legislation already passed by Congress will be:

"First, a sharp decrease in the amount of consumption;

"Second, a big decrease in the number of saloons and retail liquor dealers and the practical elimination of the irresponsible and disreputable type of saloon."

This is admirable frankness. If he had been only a little franker, he would have added:

"Third, a marked decrease in vice, disease and crime;

"Fourth, a clear gain in efficiency, individual and community."

But perhaps that was too much to expect.